

**THE
PARTRIDGE
(MAGAZINE)**

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1942

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Dedication

To all the men now serving in the American armed forces, who have either been graduated from or attended classes in the Duxbury schools, we, the editors, with due pride and sincere admiration, dedicate this Partridge Magazine. Hoping that the list we present here is complete, we proudly name the gallant sons of our school who have dedicated their lives and honor to the task of preserving the democratic way of life:

<i>Army</i>	<i>Navy</i>	<i>Air Corps</i>	<i>Marines</i>
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Shirley, F.			
Shirley, M.			
Simons, M. F.			
Wadsworth, F.			
Walker, P.			
Watters, R.			
Wright, A. W.			



TO THE SONS OF OUR SCHOOL

To the sons of our school wherever
they serve
On the land, in the air, on the sea
Go our love and our pride and our
deep gratitude
We are with them where'er they
may be.
Dear lads, in our hearts, your glory
undimmed
Will shine through the passing
years,
When the grim struggle ends, the
victory is won,
And the sweet light of peace dries
our tears.

—BETTY-LEE PETERSON



The Partridge

Published and printed by the Students of Duxbury High School, Duxbury, Massachusetts

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THAT COURAGE MAY LIVE ON *By BETTY-LEE PETERSON*

THIS is the age of courage. Through-out the years courage has been the torch that has lighted men's feet on the dark upward path.

It took courage for the first cave-man to venture forth in search of a greener valley. It was courage that brought the Norsemen from their cold homes down into warm central Europe where they thrived and multiplied. Caesar and Cleopatra had courage. A courage as pure as a white hot flame burned in the heart of Jesus of Nazareth and carried the martyrs into the arena of death a hundred years later. Courage rode with Joan of Arc at the head of her troops. Courage rode the waves when Columbus came to America and when the Pilgrims followed a hundred and twenty-eight years later.

Courage tilled the fields and built log cabins, erected school houses and churches, rode in the ox-carts and wagons that pressed steadily west-ward across a great continent. Courage fought for liberty and built a great nation, freed the slaves, and maintained a great nation. Courage brought us through the depression. The whisper of courage enabled a kind fine man with a great love of humanity to break a precedent and run for a third term, because he felt he could help his country men.

Today we face the greatest crisis that has come to our country. The Peace "they" fought for has failed. We must find courage to face a new world and send our boys forth again to battle as brave men have battled through the ages. Though we are bewildered, appalled, unbelieving, we must find strength in unity; stand loyally unfaltering behind our leaders; hold fast to our belief in God and humanity. We are not cattle to be herded. In 1942 we must find the courage to be ourselves, to live our own lives in our own way, and if need be to lay down those lives that courage may live on.



BIG "RED" WINS REVENGE

By MARSHALL FREEMAN

"RED" HIGANS, C flight leader of the 34th pursuit squadron of the R. A. F. stood before No. 1 hanger watching the planes of B-Flight coming in after dawn patrol. He counted them as the battle-scarred Spitfires came in to land. Seven ships had gone out, six had returned and his brother Johnny Higans was the one who was missing. Grief stricken, "Red" listened as B-Flight leader Johnson gave



his report of the patrol:

"Engaged eight Messerschmidt 109's of Baron Von Ravenhoff's squadron over the channel at 12,000 feet. Destroyed two D. H. S. Gal. 2 enemy ships with the loss of Higans, who was machine gunned as he bailed out of his burning plane."

Revenge was in the heart of big "Red" that afternoon as he flew into occupied France and dropped this message over the Baron's field:

To Baron Von Ravenhoff:

Today you machine gunned and killed my brother as he was escaping by parachute from his burning plane. I request the right to meet you alone at 12,000 feet over Dunkirk at noon tomorrow.

(Signed)

Higans

34th Pursuit Squadron

R. A. F.

Higans was lost in thought on the flight home. There wasn't a chance that his C. O. would permit him to carry out the duel. His only chance would be to steal a ship and face a court martial, when and if he

returned.

The next morning about 11:00 he ordered his ship rolled out of the hanger to be warmed up and checked over. When he considered it ready for flight, he calmly told his mechanic that he would take over the ship then. As the mechanic walked away, Higans vaulted into the pit, opened the throttle, and roared down the field for a take-off, much to the surprise of the pilots and ground crew standing on the field. He headed straight across the channel toward Dunkirk. At 11:45 he was over the city. There were no planes in sight but the Baron still had fifteen minutes to keep his date. Suddenly from above there came the scream of a diving plane and the steady rattle of machine guns. Tiny holes appeared in "Red's" wing as he threw his plane into a roll to avoid collision with the diving German. The two ships sparred all over the sky for twenty minutes with neither man getting the advantage. Then suddenly



"Red" got on the German's tail and stayed there, hammering round after round into the Hun ship. But then "Red" saw something that made his blood run cold. Out of the clouds were dropping at least a dozen swastika-marked planes, the Baron's crew, trying desperately to save their leader's neck. "Red" was washed up and he knew it, but he was determined to take the Baron with him at any cost.

Lead smacked into his fuselage, tore his wings to ribbons, ricocheted off his en-



gine, but still he kept his eyes on that lone ship ahead of him. His instrument board exploded in his face as it was shattered; he felt a sear of pain in his leg as a bullet found its target. Another slapped into his side, but he kept his guns on the ship in front. Suddenly his sights came to bear on the Baron's head. He pressed the triggers, saw yellow tracers lick into the cockpit, saw the figure stiffen in the seat, straighten, and then slump forward on the controls, saw orange tongues of flame sweep back over the cockpit, and then the ME-109 was on its death plunge into the channel.

"Red" was tired and it was getting dark. His brain was fogging up. There seemed to be more planes fighting in the air now; they fought all about him, planes bearing the red, white and blue of the British Royal Air Force. The Germans were heading for home, and it seemed to Johnson, who with the rest of the 34th had been hunting "Red" all afternoon, that the battered Spitfire would drop into formation for the return flight. But slowly the ship nosed over, caught itself, and then again nosed over and dived towards the channel. a dead hand on the controls.

Big "Red" Higans had won his revenge.



THE SLEEK INTRUDER

By JOHN ALDEN

HE walked, shiftlessly along, despondence enshrouding him. An air of abandonment and despair seemed to be in the path he was following. His eyes shone disconsolately, and he was most miserable.

"What right have they to cast me off this way? I haven't done anything. It's that other individual just arrived from the country that's causing this. He hasn't any right to come barging in in this way. Impertinent little scamp—he gets away with murder! Why, even my best loved companion now centers his attentions on this—this newcomer. I'm alone—dejected and unhappy."

Gradually, as he thought about the intruder, about his glossy hair and his sleek, well-groomed body, his despair lessened.

"That was a low, dastardly trick. I almost hate the fellow. In fact, I do hate him. He's a low down, dirty, two-faced scoundrel, and I won't stand for his usurpations any longer. I'll plan. I'll plot to reveal his scheming ways. Now, let's see, he gets up at the crack of dawn every morning. If I could get him on that rug . . ."

With these conceptions racing through his jealous mind, he, by the time he reached his home, had a wily scheme tucked neatly away up his sleeve. He went to bed

firmly convinced that his way was the only way to get rid of the envy that gripped him, although he himself was not conscious of it. The next morning, his will unaltered, he got up.

"Now," he gloated, "now is my chance. I'll wait here until he comes."

He waited . . . five minutes . . . ten minutes . . . fifteen minutes. He began to feel uneasy; something was wrong. He stole quietly to where his victim usually slept.

"Well, I'll be jiggered! Not a soul here. Whaddayuh know about that! Bed not slept in—no clothing—not a thing he used in sight. Hmmmm. I guess . . . , I guess he went back to where he came from. Yep, that's what happened, all right. This isn't the way I'd figured it out, but if this is the way it is, it suits me.

"Ah! Here comes my pal down to breakfast. Wonder if he'll notice me more that he has been . . . ?"

"The pal" greeted his friend with all his former gusto, and from then on, the old steadfast friendship was resumed. Later on in the day, the scheme-inventor was lying lazily in the cool shade of a lilac bush.

"Yep," he mused, "the entrance of a French poodle into a Collie's life sure produces fireworks!"



HATE

By FRANCES WALKER

DO you realize that Webster defines "hate" like this? To dislike intensely; abhor; detest; thorough dislike.

We as a whole use the word "hate" too much. We hate eggs or fish or we hate Hitler. Perhaps we do, but there is no reason for us to use a word as strong as hate for all our insignificant dislikes.

I for one find myself using the word when I should not. There is no one person or thing that I truly hate, yet everything I dislike I say I hate. If you think back and listen carefully to what your friends say, I am sure you will find this word in too frequent use.

Let us all see if we can do without that annoying word "hate." The world today would be a more pleasant and prosperous place in which to live, were it not for the hatred of man.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By ROBERT HERDMAN



I WAS born in the country town of Ashland, Maine, in 1924. My first memory of anything is a canoe trip with my mother and father on one of the lakes of Maine. As far as I can recollect, I wanted to get out and wade around, not realizing that twenty or thirty feet of water was up over my waist. I can remember that I nearly frightened my mother to death. And it happened that I was right in the middle of the boat, and it was rather hard to get at me, without rocking the boat or possibly tipping it over.

Another unfortunate incident occurred once when I was in the woods with my uncle in his camp called "Red River Camps." We had to go across the river to get water from a big spring and I used to insist on going with him every time he went, which was about three times a day. One day when we were across the river getting water, I strolled off into the woods in search of honey. About fifteen minutes later I heard my uncle hollering for me, but I yelled back that I had found a nest and that there was something buzzing in it.

Immediately he came crashing through the bush, and I do mean *crashing* because he weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds, and he yelled at me breathlessly to leave it alone. But I had already stuck sticks into it, and the hornets were coming out in a stream. Instead of running I just stood there, jumping up and down, yelling my head off with the hornets biting. So my uncle had to come and get me, and all the time he was roaring like a bull moose for me to get to heck out of there. Well, we finally got "out of there" with about five stings apiece, and as you can well imagine, that ended my going over after water with him for a while.

My next interesting experience was once when I was driving a tractor for another uncle of mine on his farm. I very nearly killed him, and I thought it very funny at the time. It happened like this:

It was in the summer of '39 and there happened to be only me and my uncle and grandfather on the farm. The potatoes had to be gone over with the cultivator





thing firm. I looked up, and I had the fork stuck in my grandfather's leg. Well, he got even with me by throwing a pail of water over me, when he got back to the barn.

Another time, when I was with a bunch of fellows over in the woods hunting with rifles, one fellow had a brand new 30-30 Winchester rifle which we were all trying out. I, of course, wanted to try it out one more time than any of the rest, but the fellow who owned the rifle didn't want me to. So right there we had a little scrap in which I nearly blew his head off, because when he was trying to get the gun, I also was determined to get another shot with it, and just about the time it was three inches from his head I pulled the trigger! The fellow flattened out on the ground, but the way he went down, you'd have thought I had really shot him instead of just scaring him half to death!

I could go on with these for hours, but they aren't so good as the others. So, that's all of my biography for now.

and hoe which were both hooked up to the tractor. It took two men to do the operation. Since my uncle didn't like to drive the tractor, I had to, and he had to sit on behind and hold the hoe. Well, it happened that we were working right by a barbed wire fence and every time we turned, we got closer to it. Finally I got a little too close and the wire caught on to his shirt and gashed a hole in his back. That ended the work for that day, but just as soon as he got his back fixed up, he lost his anger. On the next day we went back to work with my uncle still on behind, and I driving, but a little more carefully.

I had another unfortunate occurrence the same year, only this time I picked on my grandfather. On this occasion we were out in the field turning over hay that had just got wet from a rainstorm. Grandfather and I were working on two swaths right beside each other, and I was swinging the pitch fork quite close to his leg, when all of a sudden I seemed to hit some-





EVERLASTING TRUST

By ROBERT BUNTEN

HOW good it feels to come home from a hard day's work and slouch down into a comfortable chair, drawn up before the fire, with your favorite pipe, your evening paper, and wearing your new slippers which somebody has given you for Christmas. It seemed like heaven to me after the turmoil of an office with its clanking typewriters, buzzing office girls, and blustering executives.

Beside me, enjoying the warmth and coziness of the fire, was an old friend. He had been at my side, before that same fireplace, nearly every night since I brought him home twelve years ago. He was awkward and roly-polly then, but now, time has taken much from him and left him lame and almost blind.

Perhaps you have guessed that my friend

was a dog. What kind no one will ever know. The butcher gave him to me. He was rather large, short haired, a dirty yellow in color with a few black smudges here and there, and he had a funny little tail which curled up over his back.

He lay there with his head on his paws snoring with contentment every now and then. Then he looked up at me with his brown eyes and seemed to say, "You have been kind to me. You have fed me well. When I was hit by a truck, you took care of me as if I were a baby. I am grateful for all these things."

The paper read, the pipe burned out, my gaze centered on the glowing embers of the fire. In them I saw a picture, a man and a dog walking side by side through the snow covered countryside on a bright

winter's day. The man was enjoying the clean crisp air while the dog frolicked in the snow.

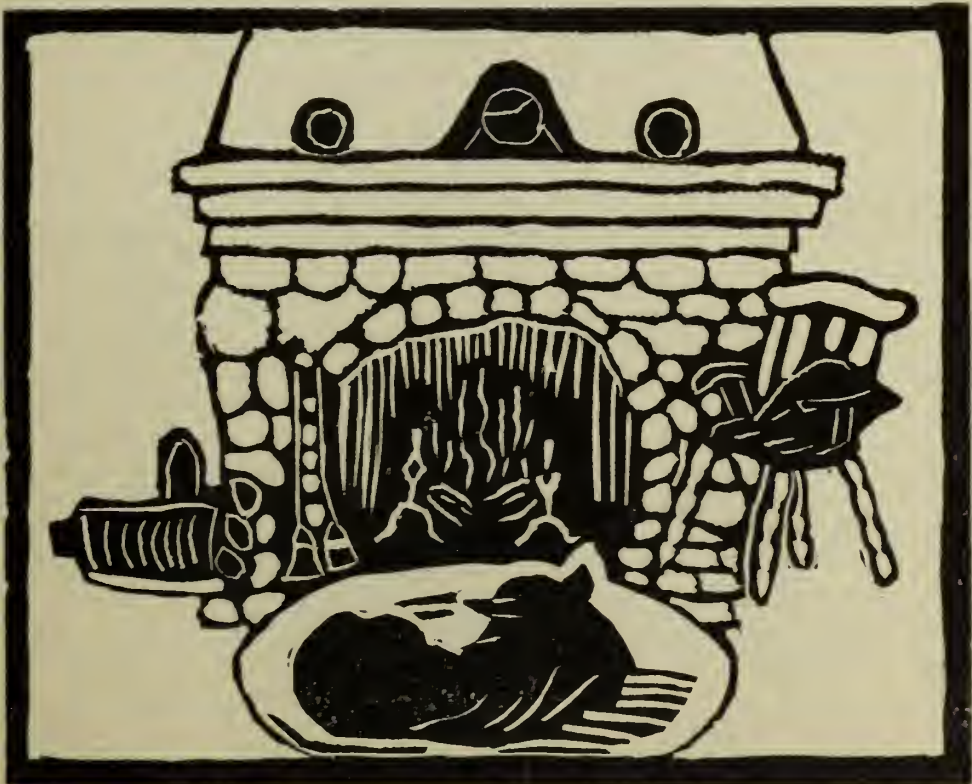
As it happened their paths led along the edge of a small pond. Like a small boy, the man wanted to slide on the ice. The dog, however, was not enjoying his walk on the ice as much as the man, for he slipped and skidded at each step. Finally, by digging his claws into the ice, he was able to make some headway. By this time, the man had neared the center of the pond. All of a sudden there was a loud cracking noise and the ice on which the man stood gave way. The man plunged headlong into the water striking his head as he fell. The water wasn't deep, in fact it only came up to the man's shoulders. However, the man was rendered unconscious from the blow on the head, and he would have

drowned if the dog had not grabbed the man's collar in his teeth and held his head above the water.

That vision passed on, and others took its place. There was the time when the dog had run home and brought back help after the man had been pinned to the ground by a fallen tree, and also there was the time when the dog had awakened the man with his barks when the house was on fire. All of these thought-pictures passed before me.

That dog now lay beside my chair. He is a friend who is willing to go to the ends of the earth with me. Reaching down, I stroked the shaggy head. The dog moved closer to me and pressed against my leg.

A man and his dog sitting before a warm fire are truly a picture of everlasting friendship.





EPISODE IN MOSCOW

By ELEANOR FIELD

SOON after Germany declared war on Russia, I was sent to Moscow as a press correspondent, and it was there that I met Serge.

He was a member of a flying squadron and nineteen years of age, yet an experienced and resourceful aviator. We had many an evening talk in a tiny restaurant, where youngsters gathered and shouted what they would do to the Germans if they ever got as far as this, their beloved capital.

In these discussions and arguments, Serge was apt to be silent, and would only smile at the threats made by these old and young soldiers. I thought I knew the reason, for shortly after I met him he in-

troduced me to a very lovely girl of about his own age, and I felt sure Serge was in love with her. The Russians are not a very demonstrative people, unless they are under the spell of strong drinks or music.

I remember the first day the German bombers came over Moscow. Indeed, how could one forget the terror of such an attack.

Late that afternoon I met Serge. He was drinking vodka in the same little restaurant and was in high ecstasy, for that day he had brought down his first enemy plane. Opposite him sat his girl. The love and admiration for her companion shone brightly in her eyes.



The place was crowded. This first attack was merely a skirmish; the enemy's scouting planes had been driven off; and to have heard some of the younger aviators talk, one would have thought the war was over.

Right in the middle of this hilarity, I think it was near five, we heard a sound that just can't be described, the frightful scream of enemy dive bombers and subsequent crashes that made the whole place tremble. When a bomb dropped perhaps a block away, the force of the explosion was terrific. Windows crashed, walls rocked, and most of us threw ourselves flat on the floor.

Serge rushed for the door, followed by his companion. At that moment another bomb burst nearby, and a fragment of rock wounded me in the hand. Serge was unhurt. He stood there shaking his fist at the sky, and then, as the smoke cleared, I saw near him all that remained of his girl, a tattered mass of clothing and flesh. She must have been killed instantly.

It was a lone flyer that had dropped that bomb. We could see him flying in a straight line upwards, in order, I suppose to escape

more easily, just as a bird when attacked by a hawk will try to get above his attacker, and avoid a fierce swoop from the clouds.

But the aviator was too late, antiaircraft guns had begun to roar. I saw his plane shiver for a second against the sky, and then burst into flames. Another second or two passed, and a figure shot from its fuselage. It fell for a thousand feet like a plummet; then a parachute opened and the aviator settled slowly to earth. He fell in a field not far away from where we were standing.

Serge and I found him badly wounded, though conscious. Serge pulled a pistol from his belt and aimed it at the man's head. I shut my eyes awaiting the shot, but none came.

When I opened them I saw Serge on his knees. Then he got up with the wounded man in his arms. He very gently placed him across his shoulders and staggered off towards a field hospital which was nearby.

Under the circumstances, I felt that this was the finest example of unselfish chivalry I had ever witnessed.



BEAUTIFUL

By NATALIE BAKER

MORE than any other word "beautiful," to me describes the things we cherish.

A blue-jay in a tree, made bare by winter, icicles hanging from the roof, glistening in the sun, snow making a petticoat on the tiny pines, the warm glow of a fire in a homey living-room, being alone and yet not feeling lonely, soft strains of Tschaikowski's "Nutcracker Suite" or Johann Straus' "Tales from the Vienna Woods," the kindness of "Abe" Lincoln, sitting brooding in the med teachers, the inspiration of our belovedness and understanding of my friends anmorial dedicated to him in Washington the President's benediction on New Year's Day, the love and companionship of my mother—these passing things which color our daily lives remind us in spite of a world at war, that "life can be beautiful."



THE EMPTY ROAD

By SHIRLEY SHAW

THE woman with the brown dress that smelled of animals had gone. He did not know where she had gone. Before her there had been the girl with the blue dress, and the old man with the corduroy trousers . . .

Papa had gone early, long ago. Mamma had cried. She had never been the same since. Sometimes things were said in English by his father or mother. They did

All the fathers were gone, all the manservants, chauffeurs, all the men in the shops, the waiters at the hotel; just the women were left, and they had spent their time looking down the road waiting for something — the postman, a telegram. Whatever came, it must come down the road . . . On the beach he had played at war with others. They had swords and guns made of wood. They bombed each



not know how much English he understood. It was a good thing to know English. There were so many English on the road. Soldiers. He could talk to them. One had carried him a long way on his back. His helmet had been hot and sharp; it had cut into his arm, but he had said nothing. He must be brave. Mamma had said, "Be brave. March with the others. You will be safe. They will take care of you."

That had been terrible. Mamma lying in the road and telling him to go on. There had been so many, lying in the road screaming, so many people bleeding. He had seen blood before, when they killed a pig, but he had not known people were like that. When he was grown up, he was going to be a soldier too. Like his father.

other with bombs of wet sand, while their mothers watched.

How beautiful his mother was, with crisp black hair and soft brown eyes.

But she was not beautiful when he had left her. Her face had been white. She was so thin; her dress was torn, her shoes broken. Her black hair was dusty, and hanging to her waist. He had never seen it down outside, except after bathing sometimes. But that was long ago. Now it was just legs—the legs of old men, the skirts of women. The legs of soldiers—blue legs, khaki legs; and great cars and tanks that made you jump out of the way.

He was so tired. His legs were not very big. He had come so far. He wondered where he was going. He was hungry too.

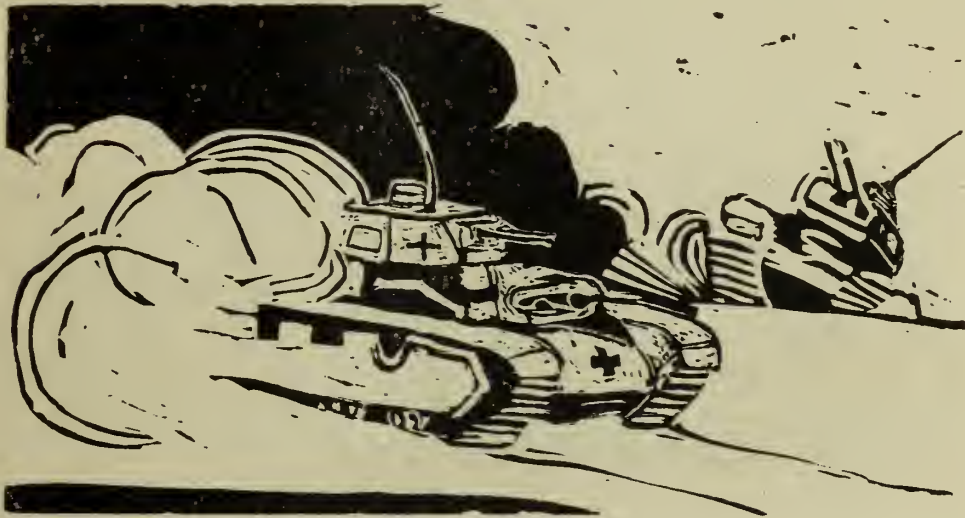
Sometimes the soldiers gave one food, but they could not give it to everybody. But the dead horse had been good. Everyone had flung themselves upon it with knives. The woman with the animal smelling skirt had given him a piece to suck.

He had been with his mother when the English came. They had stood together to watch them. He had held her hand. He had a little flag to wave. All the people

everyone scattered, running. Everyone lay down, but all did not get up again.

He had learned that it was best not to look back — only to go on, to try to find someone who would hold your hand.

There were children, hundreds of them, who like himself had lost their parents. Tears kept running down his cheeks. "I must not cry," he thought. "I am a man. I have been told to march. I must march



threw flowers, cheered, cried! "The English have come! The English are back!"

He was hungry again. He was always hungry now, but one could not ask for food. No one had food. There were things in the hedges one could eat—roots, things in the fields. If only they could find another home . . . A soldier might give him a biscuit.

If you were little, you saw nothing but legs and skirts—and the wheels of motor cars and the caterpillar treads of the tanks.

There was water sometimes, but you had to look first. The girl with the blue dress had told him to look first to see if there was anyone dead near it. You got used to dead people — to people dying, to screams, to blood. You got used to the sound of the diving airplanes. You learned to run and lie flat, hiding your face in the grass. Those planes with bombs that rocked the world, and the machine guns—when they came

with the others, Mamma said . . ." It was hard to think of Mamma—her white face and that patch spreading over her chest.

How soft her breast had been when she held him. Now Mamma was dead, like the others. Papa had trained him to obey orders, and there was Jeanne now. He had found her this morning. She was much smaller than he, fair, with blue eyes. She had come to him and taken his hand. Since then he had led her. She did not know who she was. She knew she was three and that her name was Jeanne. She could only talk Flemish, not French; but he knew Flemish for he had learned it from the servants. She delayed him a lot. She had to rest, and had to be fed. He had given up keeping himself clean, but he tried to clean her. Later, a little dog that was yellow and white with pointed ears joined them.

As far back as you could see, the road

was black with fleeing people. The road was strewn with things that had been thrown away.

As far as you could see in front of you, the road was black with people, all the people in the world, and thousands and thousands of soldiers shouting for room roughly, but not being rough. Men falling out of line to pick up a woman or a child. Soldiers, women, old men, girls, babies, children, and dogs. It was so hot; he was hungry . . . Jeanne was crying, "I am tired! I am tired!"

that they had gone without his seeing them.

But there were many children here. The children seemed to stay with the soldiers. Several men carried children. The officers could not make them put them down. "We are fathers," they said. That night they slept beside a group of soldiers. They gave the children food. Before light they marched again.

Always noise now — explosions and bombs—the firing of guns, shouts, screams, the rumble of big wheels—sweating men and horses. It was wonderful how Jeanne



"Everybody is tired," he said.

"I am tired," she repeated, "I want to sit down."

He dragged her on. the sky was full of English and French airplanes. Then the Germans would come again, swooping down. All the time you waited for them, above the roar of the guns.

Had Jeanne any papers? Everyone had to have papers now. It was a great responsibility to have her without papers. Had she nothing on her body? Sewn into her clothes? She had nothing.

He had his papers. His Mamma had fastened them around his neck with a ribbon.

There seemed to be very few women now, only soldiers. How tired they looked! Many had bandages on their arms and heads. The civilians must have turned off somewhere. There were still a few, but most of them had gone. It was strange

could walk if he helped. A soldier carried her now and then.

Wait! Was it right, what he heard? "Lost children this way. We are collecting the lost children!" There were women there, and big trucks.

What would happen to Jeanne? She had no papers. They stood in line. The women were writing labels and tying them onto the children.

"What is your name?" the lady asked. She was American. He held his papers over his head. He did not cry. She opened the packet.

"You are Leopold Francis Delac," she said.

Then they were in a truck: they were no longer marching. Jeanne held his hand. In front of them the white road unwound. It was empty. The world was empty. He had lost his parents, and his country. The truck rumbled on. Down the empty road.

THE GENTLE LET-DOWN

BETTY-LEE PETERSON

I always loved my History
(Altho' not very much)
I have a perfect passion
For Algebra and such
(When someone else is learning them.)
I really feel intense
When delving into lit'rature
My technique is immense
(Just a bit weak on common sense.)
So knowing all my little ways
Don't have too much hope and such.
I intend to love you always
(Altho' not very much.)





STORY OF OLD VIRGINIA

By MARJORIE HOLLOWAY

SIR PHILIP CRANSTON had been married to Lee only two months when he was appointed by the King to go to Jamestown in the new world to act as governor of Virginia. Although he tried to discourage her by stories of the wild animals and Indians that prowled the silent woods at night, she remained certain of her desire to accompany him on his journey. Therefore, he set about making the preparations which would make her journey more comfortable.

The long, dangerous crossing was not made without the suffering of terrific storms and loss of some food polluted by rats. At last, however, Jamestown with its fort and houses hove into view, and by sunset, when the shadows of the surrounding woods were closing in on the town, they set foot on the good American soil.

While the cargo was being unloaded, the two British gentlepeople stood gazing in amazement at the confusion of bronzed Indians, roughly garbed trappers, slaves, traders, and common people who were

noisily gathering at the banks to welcome the long awaited ship from the homeland. This home looked interesting.

The present governor, a white haired, elderly man stepping from the crowd extended his hand to Philip saying, "You are Sir Philip Cranston, my successor, are you not?"

When Philip had verified this statement and the necessary formalities were over, the governor, whose name was Sir Charles Curtis, led them to his home. Since it was late, he took them to the door of their room and wished them a good night. Because the long voyage had been so tiring, Lee and Philip didn't discuss the strange things they had seen, but immediately went to sleep.

The sun shone bright the next day as they were led about the settlement, meeting the townspeople, and being told of the defense against the Indians.

As the time passed, Lee and Philip grew to like the new land and its people, although

they missed London and the luxuries it afforded.

When the Christmas season drew near and the townspeople began decorating their doors and windows with streamers of princess pine, Lee and Philip felt a surge of homesickness. In London the Yuletide was always full of music and lights and noisy relatives and plum puddings and wonderful odors from the kitchens. Here it would be dull on that day unless something was done about it now. They began to plan.

"We'll get a log and some red, and blueberries in the forest," said Philip. "It's early yet. Let's go now."

Lee eagerly assented and went for her bonnet.

As they walked through the woods gathering berries and looking for a suitable log they didn't notice how far from the beaten path they were wandering or how long the shadows were becoming until it was nearly dark.

"It's late. We must return," Philip said. They turned to go but a wall of underbrush seemed to surround them. As the sun sank lower, the darkness grew deeper, the air from the swamp damper, and the rustling of the bushes louder.

"We are lost. We must find higher and dryer land on which to stay until morning," was Philip's advice to his shivering wife. "Come this way."

Breaking through the wall of bushes with the snapping branches stinging their cold flesh and the vines and roots tripping them, they struggled on until ahead in the gloom, silhouetted against the starry sky, rose a hill. With their goal in view, they gathered courage and were soon ascending the slope. Between the roots of a giant pine, Philip placed some pine boughs for

his wife to sit on which, although far from comfortable, were much better than the cold hard ground. Suddenly from the swamp below came the lonely howl of a wolf which was immediately answered by similar calls from the woods ahead and all around them. The wails and rustling drew closer and more distinct until around them was a circle of eyes gleaming in the dark. Philip was ignorant of woodcraft but he knew wolves fear fire. He gathered sticks and with the aid of a tinder box from his pocket, he kindled a blaze which lighted up a patch of the night. The circle of eyes retreated into the darkness as the fire being fed by Philip leaped higher and brighter. Philip dragged a log to his wife's side and sat down to rest. With a supply of wood and his wife out of immediate danger, he had time to think of his next move. Movements in the bushes didn't attract his attention because the wolves had been moving them all evening. He felt very safe.

Benjy McDougal and Bill Wallace were on their way to the fort at Jamestown after a hunting party the day after Christmas when Benjy stopped and pointed.

"Look there, Billy. Is me licker gone bad on me, or do ye see what I think I do?" said he.

Bill obligingly looked where the wavering finger commanded.

In a peaceful grove overlooking a frozen swamp seated on some pine boughs and leaning against a tree sat a pretty young woman with an arrow in her heart. Beside her, partly covered by snow, lay a young man who had met a similar fate. Maliciously peering out from the snow in the woman's lap were boughs of bright red, and blue berries.

The wilderness had won another contest.



PATRIOTISM

By JEAN BARCLAY

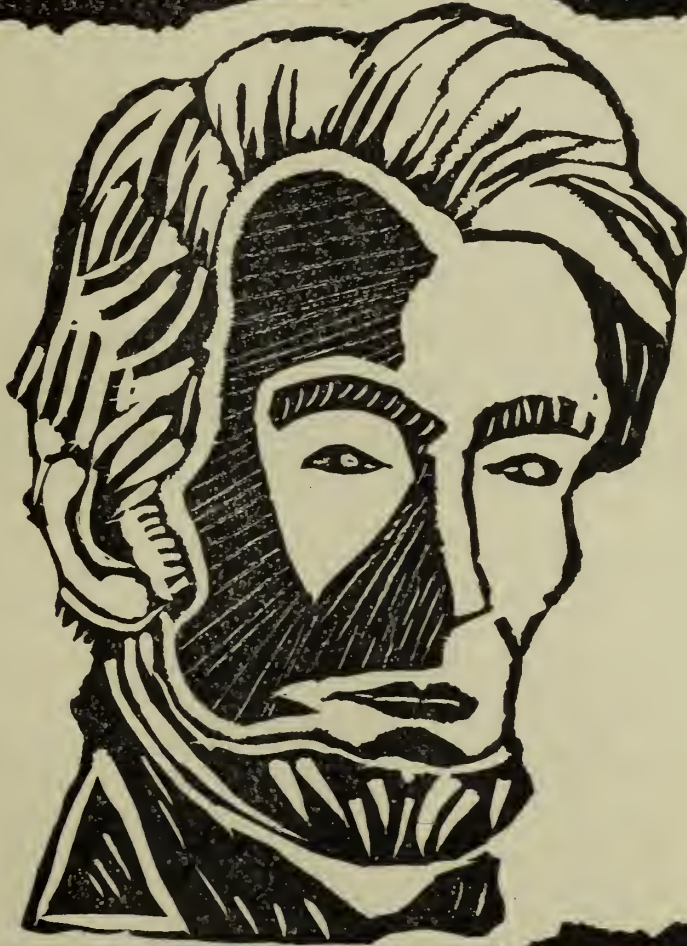
PATRIOTISM! What does that inspiring word mean to you? To me it means something to live for, to love, and to be proud of.

We of the classroom salute the flag every single day, but how many people really stop and think what this pledge really means. Many people of today salute the flag without thinking what those wonderful words signify. When we say something that concerns our country, we should say it with everything that's good and decent in us, not because we have to.

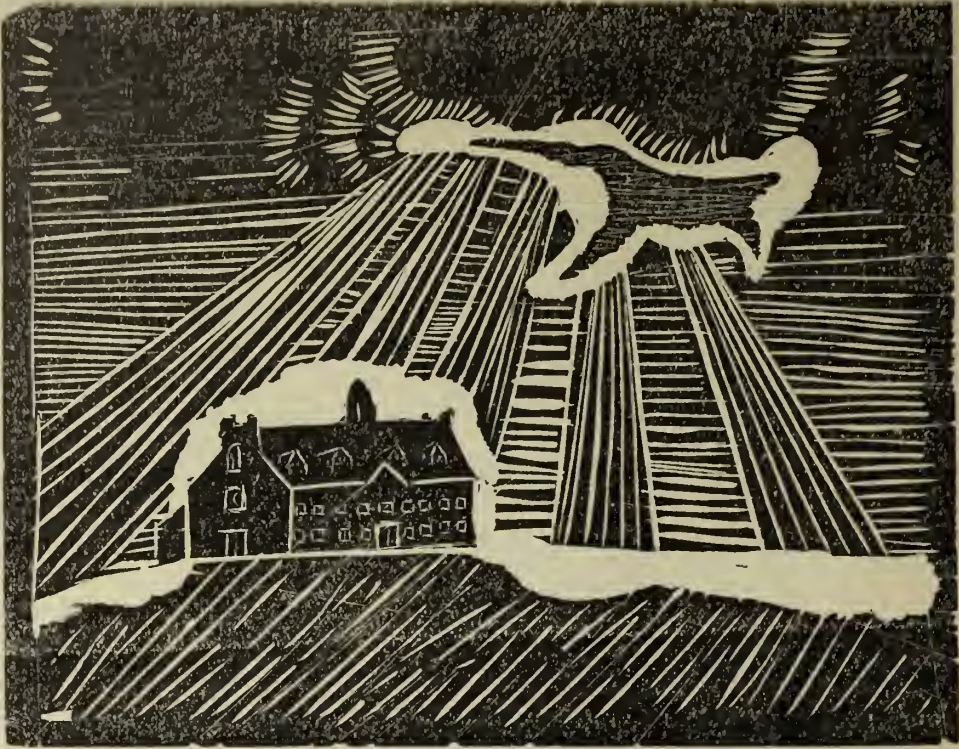
When I sing or hear a patriotic song, it does something to me deep down in my heart. I feel almost strange and unreal, but I also feel proud and thankful that I live in such a wonderful country as the United States of America.

Now when the whole world is in such a serious state, this word *patriotism* should mean more to us than at any other time. Think of the people over in Europe who have suffered and have seen bloodshed. Those people would love to be patriotic and pledge allegiance to a flag that meant something to live for, to love, and be proud of, but to many of them it is too late for when they had a chance to be patriotic to their own countries they were lazy and careless. May that never happen here!

THAT THIS NATION VNDER GOD



SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE
EARTH



THE ROBBED SAFE

By JAMES MOBBS

ON July 9th, 1928, Carlton Baxter was born in Akron, Ohio. At the same time, in Duxbury, Charles Benton was born.

They both liked the same kind of clothes and each liked to have his initials on his pencils and handkerchiefs. They both started school at the same time and both reached the eighth grade in seven years.

After Carlton had finished the eighth grade, his family decided to move to Duxbury. He arrived two days before the senior class play. Carlton decided to go to the play and start school on the next Monday.

On that night Charles Benton knew that the safe would be open.

The play started, and Charles was prepared to rob the safe. While the play was at its best he came down stairs. There was only one person in the room containing the safe. Charles silently crept up behind him and a few seconds later there was none to bother him. He quickly emptied the safe,

but while doing this a handkerchief dropped from his pocket.

The man who was knocked unconscious finally woke up and found that the safe had been robbed. He immediately called the police. A few minutes later the police arrived and inspected the safe for fingerprints. There were so many on the safe that the police couldn't decide which ones were which. This left them with only one clue. This was a handkerchief with the initials C. B. on it.

All the teachers were told of the theft and that the safe was robbed by a boy with the initials C. B. The teacher of the Freshman Class could think only of Charles Benton. He couldn't believe that it was he, because he had always seemed honest.

The next day Carlton Baxter joined the Freshman Class. Now Charles Benton could pin the blame on him because he had the same initials as Carlton did.

When the teachers learned the name of

the new student they thought sure that he was the thief. Since they didn't want to make any hasty decisions they looked up his record which said that he hadn't done a wrong thing during the eight years he was in school in Akron. This gave the teachers something to think about. After they had talked it over they still remained convinced that Carlton had done it because they knew that Charles was honest and there weren't any more pupils in the school with C. B. for their initials. Finally the teachers cooked up a plan. They decided to question them both together.

The next day Carlton and Charles were told to go to the study hall after school. They did and were met by the teachers and the chief of police.

The chief asked them where they were on the night of the senior class play. They both said that they were watching the play. Then the chief asked them if one of them went out about the middle of the play. They both answered, "No." Then Charles hit upon a plan to convict Carlton.

"I was watching him," he said, "because he acted nervous and I expected him to faint. Then he went out and didn't come back."

Carlton protested and was just going to ask Charles some questions when Charles' mother walked in.

"I found this in Charles' room," she said, and laid the stolen money on a desk.

The chief and teachers were greatly surprised.

"So you tried to pin the blame on me, did you," shouted Carlton and let Charles have it right on the jaw. Charles fell backward, hit his head on the wall, and fell to the floor senseless.

A short while later, he came to. He looked around and said, "How did I get here? The last thing I remember is that I tripped over the cat and was half way down the stairs, only in mid-air. Excuse me. I have to go home to get ready to go to the senior class play."

At hearing this, everyone went into a huddle. Twenty minutes later they reached the decision that the fall down stairs caused Charles to have a case of amnesia in which time he turned from being honest to dishonest, and the sock on the chin, which he had received from Carlton had brought him back to normal.

The money was put back and Charles wasn't punished for taking it. And so the case of the robbed safe was solved.





THE KNOCKOUT

By GEORGE TERAVAINEN

HERMAN sat brooding in his reeking, overcrowded, janitor's room which he called his office. Herman was a night watchman in a big apartment building which gave him much time to imagine the unfaithfulness of his girl, Topsy. For a time he would sit staring into space; then he would pace back and forth wringing his hands in despair. The agonized expression on his face showed the wear and tear that his tortured thoughts wracked on his brain. Herman was such a powerful brute that once he gripped a long lost friend's hand so hard that the hand hung limp and useless for years afterwards.

Topsy, a washed-out blond, was a wise-cracking waitress whose words were accompanied by the noise of the unconcealed chewing of a wad of gum. Herman walked up to the counter where she was working, and a man (if it could be called one) made a hasty exit.

Herman asked, "Who was that guy?"

"Now 'Oiman," answered Topsy, "you know I don't like men who are jealous. You wouldn't want me to think you were jealous would you?"

"No, only — aw! I don't care." Herman tried to grin, but the result was like the expression of a sick calf. "Say, how would you like to go to the show with me tonight?"

"I'd love it!—Oh! I almost forgot. My landlady wants a month's back rent and I have to look for another place tonight," Topsy gushed.

Herman full of concern replied, "Oh

that's too bad. Say, couldn't you let me help you. I know the last few times I payed it you said it would be the last, but I would like to help you just the same."

"I shouldn't let you do it, 'Oiman but if you insist I suppose I might as well let you pay it this time. Oh! 'Oiman, I just remembered that I promised my aunt I would visit her tonight. You won't mind if I don't go with you, will you?" Topsy was wheedling now.

Herman opened his mouth as if to speak; then closed it again with difficulty.

He mumbled, "OKay."

This being Herman's night off, he sat in his room and brooded. The more he thought, the angrier he became. Finally he stalked down to Topsy's house and paced back and forth until 2 A. M. when a car pulled up. Topsy and a man got out of the car.

At the first sight of Herman the man turned to run but was grabbed rudely by the nape of the neck. Herman held the man with his left hand and with his right he swung from his heels which put the man into a deep and profound sleep. Days later he recovered consciousness only to find all his teeth missing, his jaw broken into six pieces, and his face so patched up that he never looked the same again.

After slugging the man Herman turned to Topsy and gave her a kiss that packed all the bound-up emotion that had been haunting him for months.

After he released her from this sublime bliss, Topsy was bleary eyed and murmured, "Oh, 'Oiman."



6-2

IT'S TAPS FOR THE JAPS

By ROBERT BUNTEN

Of all the dastardly attacks upon
Our native land which we do love so well,
The worst was made by those from Old Nippon
Who put in seafood, that they had to sell,
Ground glass, and who upon Hawaii fell
To take our battle forces by surprise
So that we could not their invasion quell
Of China's distant shores and ancient land.
But though this great attack cost many lives,
Our country will unite against the foe,
And others too will up against them rise
Until the enemy is overcome
And people from the mountains and the plains
Will live together in accord again.



